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LOCAL 100

LOOKING AHEAD IN ROCK ISLAND.

It is not necessary here to detail the events in Rock Island during the year nearing its close. Suffice it to say that the city has progressed despite its handicaps, the more serious of which have been removed as a result of a concerted uprising of the people against intolerable conditions that were heading the city toward certain retrogression. The pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction today in Rock Island, and time will establish the wisdom of the warfare that has been carried on against entrenched elements whose activities were in diametrical opposition to the welfare of the community and its loyal and unselfish citizenship.

The Argus this evening prints an edition of 58 pages to chronicle the history of Rock Island, its achievements and its failures, its sorrows and its joys, during the year. The past is history with which you are familiar. What is of greater concern to you as a citizen is what is in store for Rock Island in the year now beginning. The Argus, in playing its part in relieving the community of its civic lodestones, has repeatedly made the assertion that Rock Island's progress has been halted 25 years by criminal influences that fastened themselves to the community through political conspiracy with local governing powers, both administrative and judicial. The Argus now ventures the assertion that Rock Island has been advanced 25 years in optimism and faith on the part of its building citizenship by the suppression of these same influences.

There is a different feeling growing over the city that you must have recognized. It is both significant and prophetic. Men with resources who had grown discouraged over the prospects for Rock Island have experienced a changed attitude and viewpoint, and they stand ready to demonstrate their faith in the future of their home city by doing things that they have heretofore refrained from initiating because of a hesitancy borne of lost confidence in the power of the people to extricate themselves from the rut into which they had allowed their community to fall because of the seeming unbreakable domination of the discouraging influences referred to.

A new era is dawning for Rock Island. Law and order have been reestablished, not without sacrifices that have left heartaches in their trail, but time will establish that the sacrifices were not in vain. Rock Island today can hold its head up and open its arms to the world with the boast that it is one of the cleanest and safest cities of its size in the nation, whereas one year ago today it was a standing joke in the outside world as a community whose chief attraction was a wide-open and unbridled underworld; a city that afforded a field and a home for any form of criminal trafficking just so long as the concessionaire was willing and able to meet the financial levies of the powers that controlled lawless activities in the city. You need not now be ashamed to tell your friends in other cities about Rock Island. You can tell them of its developing business district, its beautiful homes, its fine schools, its magnificent churches, its beautiful parks, its busy factories, its splendid theatres, its handsome public buildings, its busy stores, and best of all, of its prosperous and contented and hopeful people.

Rock Island is preparing to step forward in the coming year. You have been told of various new enterprises, chief among which are a hotel and a department store. There are to be improvements in Market square, which, under the reign that has passed during the year, had been converted into a veritable brothel. Third avenue is dark tonight, but within the year it is predicted it will be for the most part lined with attractive new buildings. A new home for the Royal Neighbors, one of the great fraternal societies of the world, will arise in the city. The Servus Rubber company, with prospects of eventually becoming one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country, will begin humming in the west end of the city, giving employment to hundreds of people. There are other industrial developments in prospect. Outside capital is looking toward Rock Island since it has shaken itself loose from the influences inimical to its security and progress.

There is talk of new apartment and business buildings. Several large national concerns are seeking locations for branch houses here. Hundreds of new homes will be erected. Men heretofore indifferent as to civic affairs propose having a voice in their government. With such men manifesting an interest in improvements that have been ignored will go ahead. Among them may be mentioned the Rock Island Levee, which has been shamefully neglected. Here there should be laid out one of the most attractive river parks along the upper Mississippi. The people will respond readily to any suggested plan of improvement. All they require is leadership and cooperation from the men to whom they entrust the management of their city affairs. The city

...will not be long. It will make a start toward the construction of the building program that it will of course require years to complete. The first step will be the widening of Twenty-fourth street from Third to Fifth avenues. It will take \$110,000 to carry through that project, but it will be cheap at that price when you consider the benefits to the whole community to be derived. You will be asked at the special election Jan. 16 to approve of a bond issue to pay for the widening. If you want to see your city move ahead you should not fail to vote in favor of the bond issue. The increase in the tax rate will be barely noticeable.

While telling you what others are going to do or ought to do towards upbuilding Rock Island and showing their faith in the future of the city, The Argus feels that it should not withhold from its own plans for the coming year. You will find a picture of the proposed new home of The Argus on the front page of this issue. The new home, to be one of the most modern and complete in the middle west, is to be erected on a lot which was purchased a year ago at the southwest corner of Eighteenth street and Fourth avenue. This will be the contribution of The Argus to the new Rock Island, a city in which this newspaper has been continuously published for 70 years.

The Argus, like other institutions serving the public, has had its trials. It has made its mistakes, but it has always sought to keep faith with the people and the community of which it is a part. The Argus will continue to fight for a better and bigger Rock Island. It is firm in the conviction that Rock Island is to be a better and bigger city. That's the reason The Argus plans to build a home that will keep pace with the growing and progressive city that it expects and knows Rock Island is going to be. And The Argus is pledged to the safeguarding and the service of the Rock Island of today and tomorrow, with one thought uppermost, and that the protection and promotion of the common good, without hindrance or interference by any affiliation or interest that might veer it from the course to which it has permanently dedicated itself.

OUR MEN POOR LOVE-MAKERS.

A Prussian named Goslar who has written a book about the impressions of America he got during a visit here last year says that he was struck by the indifference of American men and women to the kind of love-making which is practiced in every city and most of the villages of Europe and he drew the conclusion that the atmosphere in "non-erotic."

Americans whose chief business is love-making are indeed rare. The American man has been accused of being an awkward dunce at the art and this has been given as the reason why some American women of means and social position prefer the society of European aristocrats to that of American men of affairs. But if American men are second-raters when it comes to making love they rank high as husbands, and that, according to the view of European women, is to be preferred in a man to any other quality. Herr Goslar, however, seems to have overlooked this phase of the question.

He refers in puzzled terms to the indifference of American men to love-making as a business and the equal indifference of American women to the casual attention of freelance lovers, skilled in the arts of pleasure but lacking the substantial qualities of manhood. He thinks America somewhat prim.

If this is primness the world needs more of it, especially the European world, for it is the distinguishing mark of a civilization which, whatever its shortcomings, is essentially sound in its attitude toward the home; and so long as the home is supreme in the eyes of the average man and woman most other questions will take care of themselves.

ARBUCKLE ROT.

Patty Arbuckle films are barred from the movie shows at Sing Sing. The motive probably is to avoid public criticism, rather than anxiety over the delicate spiritual natures of burglars, murderers and other criminals. A lot of rot is being spoken and written on both sides of the Arbuckle question. A sensible comment comes from George Davis, one of the best of the movie reviewers. Davis suggests that if we don't approve of Arbuckle films, we don't have to see them. He considers it unfair for one group of people to make it impossible for others to see something just because they have an aversion to it themselves. You may not agree, in the Arbuckle case. But it's an all-round good principle wherever censorship is concerned.

CHICAGO'S MILLIONS.

Chicago will be a city 125 miles across, with 50,000,000 population "in the not distant future." This is predicted by an association of city planners headed by William H. Schuchardt. Keep this news from the boy whose father is trying to keep him on the farm. There's a limit to everything. The farmer may get tired of feeding too many city people and stage something like a national strike in another generation or so, maybe sooner. A percentage of city residents are engaged in useless production and duplication of effort.

WHITE COLLARS.

The "white collar" occupations are overcrowded, too many are unwilling to do the grimy tasks and hard work of life. So says Davis, secretary of labor, once a steel mill worker, now a member of the "white collar" bridge. It'll be interesting to watch and see if America can get its unskilled-labor work done after a few more years, without lifting the immigration ban. It takes the average immigrant from 10 weeks to 10 years to get out of his overalls.

LAND WORK IN BLOOD.

Davis, secretary of labor, observes a general belief that work with the hands is menial, something disgraceful and to be avoided. He blames "our pursuit of the theoretical in education" and "the exclusion of the practical." Laziness, an outcropping of human nature, has more to do with it than education. You can't educate anyone to like hard work. That's something that has to be born in the blood.

THE ONLY THING NEEDED



Tom Sims Says

In Humboldt county, Cal., a man killed a catamount with an arrow, much to the surprise of both.

People who wear tight shoes may be glad to learn a fire destroyed a shoe factory in Newton, N. J.

When it comes to quail hunting most men are fine at shooting sparrows.

The dangerous thing about shoveling snow is you are liable to fall down on the job.

Wojciehowski is Poland's new president even if he does sound like a typographical error.

The older you are the quicker Christmas comes, and the younger you are the quicker it goes.

You may think a boy carries crazy things in his pocket, but take a look in a woman's handbag.

The value of a kiss depends upon the law of supply and demand.

Philadelphia has had its worst dry spell in 103 years. Of course this refers to Philadelphia weather.

Los Angeles has a boy of 14 over six feet tall. Her cousin went west and grew up with the country.

Yale students voluntarily decided to limit drinking, but some may think the sky is the limit.

All of us make big mistakes among the biggest being setting an alarm clock an hour too early.

Every bald man likes to say his wife did it, which is seldom true.

They are kicking about the shells a famous dancer wears, claiming the young lady shell shocks the public.

The trouble with New Year bootleg booze is you have to be drunk before you can drink the stuff.

Cheap umbrellas last the longest. Carry one and no friend will take it by mistake for his.

Reader is wrong when he asks if 36 inches make a coal yard. The situation is not quite so bad.

What good is your past if you don't use it for the future?

A bridge over San Francisco bay will cost \$5,500,000, being almost as expensive as auction bridge.

A missing Cincinnati boy found asleep in a soap factory evidently didn't know where he was.

Only 12 more shopping months before Christmas.

Daily Poem BY BERTON BRADLEY.

SNOW IN THE CITY
The beautiful snow! The beautiful snow!
It falls on the roofs and the pavements below,
In flakes that come floating down gently and slow.

The beautiful snow! It's not beautiful long.
When trampled by feet of the hurrying throng
It isn't a subject for music or song.

For even as downward it softly flutters,
It mucks up the streets and it chokes up the gutters,
And "Darn all this snow!" the pedestrian mutters.

The tempers of drivers it woefully wrecks,
It slides off the roofs down the passer-by's necks,
It knows no distinction of age or of sex.

It melts, and clear over the curbstone it washes,
It overflows rubbers and soaks through gas-lashes,
On furs and on gowns of the women it splashes.

The beautiful snow! On the city it steals,
It causes the skidding of automobiles,
And makes you get out and put chains on the wheels.

It swiftly grows dirty and sloppy to view,
It harbors a hell of colds and the flu,
Till half of the populace sneezes, "A-choo!"

The beautiful snow! In the country it's so,
But here in the city we greet it with woe,
The far, far from beautiful "Beautiful Snow!"

The Daily Short Story

IN THE DAYS OF HEROD THE KING.
By Mary J. Hitchcock.

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The last faint rays of daylight had long since vanished from the Judean hills, and it was in gratitude for the darkness that Andrew's lips moved in a whispered prayer, while his eyes, straining past the far-off plains, watched the lights that winked like evil things in the gardens of Herod's Pleasure-ance. It was winter in Judea, but the night promised to be unusually dark; even now Andrew left it, like a cloak, shutting down around him.

Presently he turned toward the sheep-runs in the outer fold, as the low growling of the dogs and old Ezra's voice told him that the hour had struck.

"It is time, my son," the head shepherd said, as he came within the circle cast by the frelight. "Think you that Miriam will be waiting for rescue?"

The old man's voice trembled with emotion and his hands were hot as he laid them on Andrew's head. It was no easy task the youth had set himself. What Herod's soldiers seized they seldom gave back, and since the hour when the other shepherds had returned from the town, where they had gone to be registered according to the law, the old man's heart had been troubled at the tales they told of the seizing of young girls, who had been hurried to the Pleasure-ance to await the time of Herod's choosing. That Miriam, the betrothed of Andrew, had been among the number had roused the men of the fold to anger. But Andrew would consent to nothing they proposed. The rescue would be at best a difficult thing. Give him two of the best trained and fiercest dogs and he would go alone.

"It's the only way," he had said in answer to every protest. "Only as he sped through the enveloping darkness, the dogs running silently at his heels, he said it again and again, till it seemed to beat on his heart like a refrain. Had he been less occupied with thoughts of Miriam as he sped down the steep lanes that led to the little town of Bethlehem he must have noted how still the night had become; but he saw nothing to marvel at till, just ahead of the little stable, which was over against the inn, the dogs hung back and had to be coaxed, urged, commanded into following him past the place.

As the white walls of the Pleasure-ance loomed through the shadows, the dogs seemed to catch the warm, live fragrance which told them Miriam was somewhere ahead; they ran eagerly, with frantic whistlings, giving voice when at last they caught sight of her on the wall.

Breathlessly Andrew helped her down and into the long, dark shadow, calling to the dogs to be still. "Come there any harm to you within that place?" he questioned, and his heart bounded at her softly-spoken reply.

"Nay! It was easy to slip away and hide against the time of your coming!"

After that they said little, for pursuit was certain and the whole town now lay between them and the comparative safety of old Ezra's folds. Impatient to gain that haven, Andrew must needs stop to coax the dogs as before when they came against the little stone stable near the inn. When some distance beyond, Miriam looked back and called to Andrew to behold how the little stable appeared to be bathed in a soft radiance coming from within.

Pausing for breath, and to enjoy for a moment the sense of security attained, both girl and man were startled to see wide ribbons of light streaming from the eastern sky.

"It is still some hours before the dawn," Miriam said, as they watched the flashing lights, growing brighter each beat of their hearts.

A mocking laugh and a call to surrender told them that the strange lights had betrayed their whereabouts to Herod's men, who, keeping to the road, were stumbling along in the tracks made by the passing of many caravans.

Andrew placed himself between the girl and the oncoming soldiers. "Take one of the dogs and fly through the pastures, up through the folds and into my father's hut. I, with the other dog, will hold these wolves."

But Miriam took her stand beside him, saying: "Better that we meet together whatever is to be!"

And it seemed as if their chance of escape was gone, though Andrew called to the dogs to stand guard. He stooped and lifted Miriam in his arms.

But it was not the fighting spirit that made the hair on the dogs' backs rise with the growl in their throats, for higher and brighter flamed that light in the east and, with whines that were like sobs, the dogs lay down, their eyes fixed before them in the fields beyond the shepherd called, then fell prostrate on the ground. Herod's men, caught in a frenzy of fear, ran back the way they had come!

"What can it be?" Andrew did not hear Miriam's question, for his eyes were beholding wonders no living man had seen before. The sky, flashing now with colored banners of light like nothing earthly, shot through with shafts of amber, of green and of rose, was one flaming curtain of splendor, and from out of the depths behind that shining came one whose face was like the lightning. Presently there was a multitude of shining ones, their faces turned toward the little stable over against the inn.

And from the stable itself came now a clearer, more radiant shining than Andrew had marked in the earlier hours. The long, white beams of the star mingled with that radiance, and even as Miriam and Andrew watched in speechless wonder the star-shine and the earthly radiance met in midair!

All around them lay the darkness of the sleeping town, but the little stone stable over against the inn stood bathed in light!

GOOD MANNERS



Whispered conversations or confidential "sides" between two persons should be avoided at social gatherings. On such occasions the talk should be kept general and exchanges of confidences kept until some more suitable opportunity.

Sixty degrees below zero is not unusual in the Alaskan interior in winter.

HEALTH TALKS
By William Brady, M. D.
Noted Physician and Author.

HOW EROSION STARTS UP.
According to the "order of nature," as employed by a religious sect in India, with a practical application of the principle that worry or fear inhibits or prevents the flow of saliva. Of a number of persons under suspicion, the one who ejected the consecrated rice dry upon the sacred fig leaf after chewing for a certain time, was adjudged guilty.

Too well do you and I, at least I, know how the lips and mouth go dry and the tongue cleaves to the palate when one is suddenly called upon to make a few remarks in public. Public speaking is a thing for which no man's mouth waters.

Pawlow allowed one of his dogs to gaze upon and smell his favorite food: the flow of gastric juice in the stomach pouch at once commenced. Then a hated cat was introduced upon the scene and the dog went into a great rage, whereupon both the cat and the gastric secretion disappeared and neither could be coaxed back into the picture for a considerable time.

A little boy with a stomach full of food of accidental origin produced a free flow of gastric juice when allowed to chew some food. But if he was annoyed in any way while eating no gastric juice was secreted at all, even though he went on eating. X-ray observation in both animals and man has shown that the peristaltic movements of the digestive tract cease for even a longer time after emotional excitement of an unpleasant kind.

The heaviness or distress felt in the stomach, when one is under great anxiety is probably due to such a delay in digestion, called food stasis—the food stays right there.

Even in an anesthetized subject, as Dr. Crile has pointed out, irritation of a sensory nerve, though not felt by the unconscious subject, such as irritation of the vagus, evokes pain in a conscious subject—abolishes the peristaltic movements of the stomach. This again means delayed digestion—food stasis.

Pain anywhere in the body interferes with digestion. Severe pain will produce nausea or vomiting. Frequent or recurring pain will obviously set up "nervous dyspepsia."

So will a bad conscience, worry, fear, anger, hatred, jealousy, and business anxiety. A "sickening pain" is a common expression. "Sick headache" may produce nausea and vomiting—an instance of

poison inhibiting or preventing digestion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
The Care of Piles.
Please tell me whether or not is the only cure for piles or hemorrhoids (or are they the same thing)? I have them for a days, then no trouble for a few days or even for weeks, then suffer another attack. This has been going on for four years.

I am feeling it, and people are looking bad.—H. A. E.
Answer.—Hemorrhoids are dilated veins. They become inflamed and the victim has a "tack of piles." When the inflammation subsides, the victim is comparatively comfortable. This variable period of freedom from an attack is often misinterpreted as a "cure." Permanent relief is possible only when the dilated vein is removed surgically. This may be accomplished by various methods, in some cases local anesthesia, in others general anesthesia. Piles often derange health, sometimes with fatal ending, in cases associated with freese hemorrhages, anal or concolated. An operation by all means advisable, and is worth while.

Abortion.
acting so queerly takes no interest in anything anybody start to bread, cut a slice, then fall into reverie and forget everything. has nothing to say unless we are asked to stand jolly and lively. used to think and smiles strangely and we ask what she is thinking of. says, "You wouldn't understand." no longer takes care of my two little sisters, I have to be away at work all the time.—A. H.

Answer.—If you are acting so queerly, and talk with your mother, he can decide whether her mind affected and what course is best.

Tumor.
Is it possible for a person have a tumor weighing 24 pounds?—F. M.
Answer.—Yes.

Ringworm.
What causes ringworm? I never before had skin disease. It is my arms.—W. W. N.

Answer.—A parasite called trichophyton. Paint the spots with tincture of iodine alternate for four or five times.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Lusk, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name of address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. He will be glad to answer all questions. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Please give a recipe for date sticks.
A. Beat three eggs thoroughly; add one cup of sugar; one cup of flour that contains one teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful of broken nuts and one cupful date meats which have been cut in small pieces. Bake in thin sheets on buttered pans in hot oven. Cut in strips while warm and roll in powdered sugar.

Q. If a person were born on last Thanksgiving day, when would his birthday come again on Thanksgiving? Would it be the same number of days apart each time?
A. B. B.

A. Thanksgiving day will fall on the 30th of November again in 1933. Owing to the intercalary day it does not fall on the same day every seven years.

Q. What is an animal? J. W.
A. An animal is any member of the group of living beings typically endowed with sensation and volition.

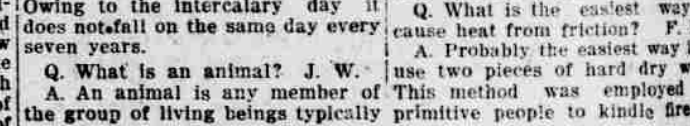
Q. Beat three eggs thoroughly; add one cup of sugar; one cup of flour that contains one teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful of broken nuts and one cupful date meats which have been cut in small pieces. Bake in thin sheets on buttered pans in hot oven. Cut in strips while warm and roll in powdered sugar.

Q. A series of earthquake shocks was felt in that vicinity in 1811-12. The configuration of the territory was greatly changed, and several lakes and islands were created. There are records of few deaths since the country at that time was very sparsely populated.

Q. What is the easiest way to cause heat from friction? F. E.
A. Probably the easiest way is to use two pieces of hard dry wood. This method was employed by primitive people to kindle fire.

Adventures of the Twins
BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

More Magic Powder



Porky Porcupine was hardest of all to coax.

Dusty Coat and Nancy and Nick finally persuaded all the people of Whispering Forest, Bright Meadow, Old Orchard and Ripple Creek to go to Dreamland.

Porky Porcupine was hardest of all to coax. But one day Jack Frost blew his breath on the trees after a rain storm, and covered them with a coat of ice as hard as stone. As Porky depended for food on the bark of hemlock and beech trees and cottonwood (when he can get it) it left him short of rations. So at last he consented to take a little of Dusty Coat's magical powder and go to sleep for a spell.

The Twins tucked him in a nice warm home between some rocks, then they put Browne blankets all around him and left him. "When he wakes up it will be nearly spring," said the little dwarf sandman kindly. "Then he can get all the food he wants."

So Porky snored away, quite as happy as you are on a cold winter's night after mother has tucked you in snug and comfy under your quilts.

"Well, now everybody's gone," said Nancy, looking around at the quiet woods. "I suppose we'd better go back and tell the Fairy Queen. There isn't anything more to do."

"Do!" exclaimed Dusty Coat in surprise. "Did you think that was all there was to it? Just to go and each person a ruff of magic powder and put him to sleep?"

"Why yes," said Nancy. "So did I," put in Nick.

"Oh, adness, no!" said Dusty Coat. "This is only the beginning. Sleep is no fun unless you have happy dreams. We must go around and sprinkle more magic powder over the sleepers and send them off to Dreamland."

"Oh, and may we go to Dreamland, too?" begged Nancy.

"I should say so," nodded Dusty Coat. "We must go and keep the order." (To be Continued.)